

What boy who was born and lived in the country in those days can forget the winter snows and the joy of breaking roads? I can now see the old long wood shed with 8 or 10 yoke of oxen and Uncle Reuben and Uncle Ensign in command as they drove the oxen keeping them on the road and we boys were part of the time in the sled and part running over the drifts and it seems as I write I can hear the clang of the chains and the clashing of horns and over all the voices of the two men as they "Haw" and "Gee" and plow the way through, opening the road so we could go out and in.

Uncle Reuben is gone, the ox team are a thing of the past, the grand forests of natural growth are gone, and naught is left but the hills and valleys and fields where Uncle Reuben struggled to open up the County.

The above sketches are typical of the other people of the town at the time and did what they could and the world was better for their living in it. Here comes the vision of the women pioneers in the settlement of the Beech Woods.

It would take a ready write to write the story of these women's lives and what they did and suffered in the labor and loneliness of their homes as they went on with their daily work. They were not like the lilies of the field that toil not neither do they spin, for their life was one unending round of labor. They not only toiled but they spun. They were also weavers, cooks, sewing women and mothers. They had none of what we now call the necessities of housekeeping, with only an open fire to cook and warm the house.

The thought that comes to me, if we would only try to compare their surroundings with ours of the present, try to see the log cabin with the cracks stopped with moss and mud and the few rough articles of furniture and the cold they must have endured with the dark forest surrounding them with no neighbors near and only a path from one cabin to another, with the woods filled nightly with the dismal howling of the wolves. Picture for yourself, if you can, the silence of the daily life and then think of what you now have, and then raise your hands to the God of creation and pour out a heart felt prayer of thanks that these women lived and have shown the present generation what can be done.